

# THE DIAL

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## DEFIANCE TO THE STARS.

Ajax defied the lightning with some sort of poetic justification; but why should anyone wish to defy the stars? They surely do not threaten us, and if in fact they control human destiny (as astrology claims) it would be futile to seek to resist their decrees. Nevertheless, "defiance to the stars" is the slogan of the newest movement in poetry—a movement born in Italy early in the present year, and rejoicing in the name of Futurism. "Erect on the pinnacle of the world we hurl forth once more our defiance to the stars!" These are the plain words which close the manifesto of the Futurists, and the entire truculent document seems to indicate that its authors mean business.

This manifesto, which proceeds from Milan (following by a century and a year the Milan Decree that helped to make world-history), is an extremely interesting piece of writing. It is signed by one Signor F. T. Marinetti, who edits "Poesia," which is a literary review of some four years' standing, henceforth to be the organ of the new school of literature. No description could do justice to the present proclamation of the Rights of Man in his character as a literary artist. Our own best efforts would stand in pale contrast to Signor Marinetti's flamboyant and explosive diction. Here are a few of the features of the programme:

"We wish to sing the love of danger, the habit of energy and of daring. The essential elements of our poetry will be courage, audacity, and revolt. Literature having hitherto magnified pensive quietude, ecstasy, and slumber, we wish to exalt aggressive action, feverish insomnia, the firm step, the perilous leap, the slap and the fisticuff. . . . The poet must spend himself with heat, brilliance, and prodigality, to augment the enthusiastic fervor of the primordial elements. . . . Poetry should be a violent assault upon unknown forces, demanding that they lie down at the feet of man. . . . We wish to glorify war—sole hygiene of the world—militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of the anarchist, the beautiful Idea that slays, and scorn for women. We wish to destroy museums and libraries, to combat morality, feminism, and all forms of opportunism and utilitarian cowardice."

There is no doubt that literature, thus conceived, would no longer bear much resemblance to the domesticated product with which we are used to play, as with a tame cat. The household pet would renew its ancestral jungle character,

surprising us not a little by the transformation.

The plank about museums and libraries in the Futurist platform is explained with much feeling later on. Most artists chafe a little under the restraining grasp of the dead hand, however appreciative of its salutary influence; but our fiery Futurists cast it off altogether. This subject is treated with appropriate scorn, which is worked up into a fine frenzy at the close.

"We wish to free Italy from its gangrene of professors, archaeologists, ciceroni, and antiquaries; we wish to rid her of the innumerable museums which cover her with innumerable cemeteries. . . . To admire an old picture is to pour our sentiment into a funeral urn instead of hurling it forth in violent gushes of action and productiveness. Will you thus consume your best strength in this useless admiration of the past, from which you will forcibly (*forcément*) come out exhausted, lessened and trampled?"

Museums, libraries, and academies are the "graveyards of lost efforts, the calvaries of crucified dreams, the registers of broken-down springs (*élasts brisés*). They may serve the old and feeble after a fashion, but we, "the young, the strong, and the living," will have none of them. "Welcome, therefore, the good incendiaries with their sooty fingers! They come! They come! Set fire to the bookshelves! Turn the canals that they may flood the museum vaults! Let the glorious old canvases float adrift! Seize picks and hammers! Sap the foundations of the venerable towns!" Thus in true Berserker spirit will the Futurist clear his path. Thus will he sweep away the old art, as Nietzsche has swept away the old morality, to make way for the new.

It is amusing to observe the cavortings of our young lions, and to hear them roar, for we know that Bottom is their real prototype, and imagine that the most frantic among them would hesitate before giving literal effect to their threats. That they are young would go without saying, but they think it necessary to tell us in so many words.

"The oldest among us are thirty; we thus have at least ten years in which to accomplish our task. When we are forty, let younger and more daring men cast us into the waste-basket like useless manuscripts. They will come against us from far away, from all quarters, leaping on the cadence of their first poems, clawing the air with their crooked fingers, and snuffing, at the gates of academies, the grateful savour of our putrefying minds (*la bonne odeur de nos esprits pourrissants*), already dedicated to the catacombs of the library. But we shall not be there. They will find us at last on a winter's night, in the open country, in a sad iron shed pitter-pattered by the monotonous rain, huddled round our trepidating aeroplanes, warming our hands at the miserable fire made with our present-day books flicker-

ing merrily in the sparkling flight of their images. They will riot around us, panting with anguish and spite, and, exasperated by our proud and dauntless courage, they will rush to kill us, their hatred all the stronger because their hearts will be drunk with love and admiration for us. And powerful and healthsome Injustice (*la forte et la saine Injustice*) will then burst radiantly in their eyes. For art can only be violence, cruelty, and injustice."

But perhaps we have quoted enough of this turgid rodomontade. It ends with the phrase we have chosen for a title — "Erect on a pinnacle of the world we hurl forth once more our defiance to the stars!" It is all set forth in a quadruple issue of "Poesia," with a cover picturing the Futurist on his pinnacle, not exactly defying the stars, but slaying with his shafts the dragons of the slime. The contents of this extraordinary publication consist chiefly of opinions, expressed personally to the editor or through the press, concerning his new propaganda. They come from various parts of the world, and may be had in the Italian, French, Spanish, German, and English languages. The briefest of these opinions, which is also the most pointed, is from M. Jules Claretie, and injects a note of sanity into the discussion.

"Dear Poet: Do you not fear the ironical wink of the defied stars? And leave us at least Montaigne — of whom I am sure — and Monna Lisa, who can now no longer deceive anyone. Her smile, believe me, is a part of Futurism."

A less urbane rebuke than this might not be undeserved. A pronouncement that declares an automobile to be a more beautiful object than the Victory of Samothrace, that derides the Gioconda as artistic aliment for doddering aesthetes only, that describes Signor Fogazzaro as a poet for imbeciles, that exalts the brute in man and scorns the spiritual essence, — such a pronouncement is fair game for any sportsman who thinks it worth his ammunition.

But we are not disposed to go gunning for our cocky Futurists. After all, they are young, and much may be allowed them for that. Their extravagance has a nucleus of sanity, and is not much wilder than the extravagance that has accompanied many of the really important revolutions in taste and artistic practice. Revolt has always been one of the most effective agents of literary advance. It was revolt

"From jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits  
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,"

that heralded the Elizabethan drama. It was revolt from artificiality and mannerism that inspired the "Lyrical Ballads" and renewed the youth of English poetry a century ago. It was revolt from the bondage of a classical tradi-

tion that informed the romantic movement in Germany and transformed the literature of that country. It was revolt that bore "Hernani" to triumph in France, and Oehlenschläger in Denmark, and Ibsen in Norway, and the coterie of "De Nieuwe Gids" in Holland, and Swinburne and Morris in England, and Poe and Whitman in America. Only, it is to be observed that the revolt which is mere mouthing, and does not justify itself by its artistic fruits, is of all futilities the most ridiculous. Let our Futurists show that they have it in them to enrich the literature of the modern world, and it will be easy to forgive the damnable faces and rhetorical contortions with which their mission is proclaimed. By way of caution to any who may indulge in a too unguarded criticism of Signor Marinetti and his gallant band of star-defiers, we note that the last page of "Poesia" contains the *procès-verbal* of a duel in which the editor figured three months ago, and in which his luckless opponent received "*une blessure pénétrante, de trois centimètres environ, à l'avant-bras droit, dans la région musculaire.*"

#### CASUAL COMMENT.

A FAVORITE NEW ENGLAND STORY-TELLER has been taken from us, and readers of New England tales of the good old kind that numbers now but very few writers will mourn. Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, who died at her ancestral home, South Berwick, Maine, on the twenty-fourth of last month, in the sixtieth year of her age, was educated at the Berwick Academy, and received the honorary degree of Litt.D. from Bowdoin College. From her father, the late Dr. Theodore H. Jewett, she derived some of those qualities that made her so successful a writer; and it was that father whom she had chiefly in mind in writing her story of "A Country Doctor." The opportunities she enjoyed of seeing and studying types of New England character in accompanying her father on his professional rounds must have been many, and they were put to good use. As early as her twentieth year she became a contributor to "The Atlantic Monthly," in whose pages the larger part of her work originally appeared. She tried her pen in three departments of prose literature,—the plain New England tale, sometimes expanded to the length of a novel; the historical romance (see "The Tory Lover," one of her later books); and the popular chronicle of historic events ("The Story of the Normans"). But the short story of that village life with which she was so familiar called forth her best powers. In this she ranks not far below Mrs. Stowe among the dead, and Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman among the living.

THE MEETING OF AMERICAN LIBRARIANS at Bretton Woods, N. H., early this month, was the third largest in the history of the Library Association—only Magnolia (with Boston as an annex) in 1902, and Narragansett Pier in 1906, having attracted larger gatherings. The presence of over eight hundred of the active library workers of the country attests the interest of the members in matters pertaining to their profession. Many able and suggestive papers were read, and many old and some new subjects of library administration were threshed over. The lights and shades of library commission work furnished material for the most popular of the meetings and discussions. The National League of Library Commissions gave itself up to reciting and hearing the experiences, serious and laughable, of library workers in many States, from Nebraska to Maryland, and numerous traits of human nature, especially rural human nature, were amusingly illustrated by the stories of these missionaries in the cause of culture. This session must have offered the strongest possible contrast to that of the Bibliographers of America, held the same day and in a sedater mood.

A PLEASANT INCIDENT OF THE COMMENCEMENT SEASON was the bestowal of the Litt.D. degree on Mrs. Julia Ward Howe by Brown University—while the band played her "Battle Hymn" and all present rose to their feet in her honor. President Faunce's well-chosen words in presenting the diploma were these: "Doctor of Letters, Julia Ward Howe, Boston, Massachusetts, author, philanthropist, mother, friend of the slave, the prisoner, and all who suffer, singer of the battle-hymn of freedom, allied with Brown University through her distinguished husband, allied with all educators through her faith that it is the last of life for which the first was made." Mrs. Howe said of the degree conferred upon her: "It is doubly precious to me because my grandfather received here his degree of A.B., I cannot tell when, but it was long before I was born. Then, too, my husband, Dr. Howe, was a graduate. It is a most beautiful occasion, and I was indeed much pleased when the band played the 'Battle Hymn.'" Seldom has the old Baptist meeting-house at Providence, where the Brown commencement exercises are held, witnessed a more noteworthy event, and never before, one can safely affirm, has it seen the decoration of so youthful a nonagenarian—or, indeed, of any nonagenarian.

THE LIBRARY TRAINING-CLASS is doing good work. The educating and "breaking in" of apprentices by this practical method, where the public library is large enough to afford the requisite facilities, and is also in constant need of new recruits to its working force, cannot be too highly commended. As compared with that admirable institution, the library school, there is a saving of time and expense to the learner, and an avoidance of that sometimes excessive devotion to theory which a two or three



years' course at Albany might conceivably encourage in some zealous students. Local conditions and local needs are also better learned in the library training class, and greater surety of immediate employment at the end of the course may sometimes be counted on. The Springfield (Mass.) Public Library has just sent out its annual circular to Smith and Mount Holyoke colleges and to local high schools, announcing the approaching examinations for admission to a training class of six, the course to cover ten months (less four weeks of vacation) and to involve forty-three hours of work each week, including two evenings. One month's instruction and practice in each of the library's several departments will be given, and there will be prescribed reading as well as regular lectures or talks. The circular ends with the following salutary reminders and counsels: "A love of reading is not alone sufficient equipment. A high-school education or its equivalent is regarded as the minimum requirement, and among the chief qualifications besides culture and general information are good health, earnestness, accuracy, and tact. Library work must be a vocation rather than an avocation, and makes the same demands on the applicant's time and interest that are made by business. It offers a delightful field for persons who unite with culture an earnest love for work of a broadly educational and humanitarian character."

A SPECTACULAR PRESENTATION OF SCHILLER'S "JOAN OF ARC" was enjoyed by fifteen thousand on-lookers at the Harvard Stadium on Tuesday evening of Commencement week. Three years ago the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus was successfully given on the same spot in the original Greek; but on this later occasion it was wisely decided to resort to the vernacular, and accordingly Miss Anna Swanwick's version, revised by Mr. George Sylvester Viereck, was used. Miss Maude Adams and a company of players selected from Mr. Charles Frohman's dramatic forces filled the various parts, and were aided by a host of well-trained supernumeraries in the battle scenes, the coronation pageant, and elsewhere. So elaborate and magnificent a presentation of this drama was surely never before seen, and may well never be seen again. Schiller himself could not have failed to be delighted and to pronounce it *grandios* in the extreme, had he been one of the vast audience ranged semi-circularly about that end or segment of the stadium appropriated to the purposes of the play. The leading part was well conceived and interpreted, as was to have been expected of Miss Adams, and her support was good. The pecuniary profits of the performance go, most fittingly, to the Germanic Museum of Harvard University.

COLD STORAGE FOR UNUSED LITERATURE was the theme of an animated discussion by the Library Association at its recent gathering in the White Mountains. Seven years ago President Eliot of Harvard read a paper before the Association on

"Storage Libraries," advocating the keeping of obsolete and other unused literature in storage. A different sort of storage was that advocated by Librarian Gould in his address as President of the Association, who presented a scheme of library coördination which would include the establishment of central storehouses of books to be loaned to outlying libraries, thus saving much expense of duplication and vastly increasing the usefulness of the smaller and poorer libraries. These central reservoirs would also serve some of the purposes of clearing-houses, while each would specialize in the collecting of literary material having to do with its own region. A fund of a hundred thousand dollars, or perhaps more, he generously estimates as necessary for the establishment of one such regional library, and "a single great gift like that which was made two or three years since for purposes of education in this country, would suffice to put the whole system in operation." (Perhaps the Laird of Skibo will take note of this.)

THE POET AND THE POTENTATE are on the best of terms with each other as long as the man of song hymns the praises of the monarch and causes his muse to sing the divine right of kings. But for democratic, iconoclastic, convention-defying poets—especially if these poets have a keen wit and a caustic humor—the sovereigns of the earth have small use. So little use, indeed, has the present German Emperor for poetic genius which refuses to consecrate itself to the greater glory of the powers that be, that he cannot abide the silent presence of such genius even in the seemingly inoffensive form of mute bust or inanimate statue. Accordingly, on coming into possession of the late Empress of Austria's beautiful villa at Corfu, Kaiser Wilhelm makes all haste to get rid of the statue of Heine that has so long adorned it. The poet who has given the world those matchless "short swallow-flights of song that dip their wings in tears and skim away" possesses no charm to soothe the Hohenzollern breast, and away he is bundled to his Hamburg publishers, for a paltry ten thousand marks or so—to the house that has long befriended him, and that will now, let us hope, continue its protection. The whole incident serves as a striking fulfilment of Heine's dying prophecy: "Heine ne meurt pas come le premier venu, et les griffes du tigre survivront au tigre lui-même."

THE SUBLIMITY OF EGOTISM has been attained, it would seem, by the gifted author of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Before selling his Paris house to a banker, as he recently did, M. Rostand sealed up the door and placed a bronze tablet to mark the threshold once pressed by the foot of genius. All inferior mortals will henceforth enter by an unsanctified portal constructed in another place. Self-conceit like that is fairly awe-compelling. Even Whistler did not surpass it in his reply to an admirer who had declared that there were only two great painters, Velasquez and Whistler. "Why drag in Velas-



quez?" demanded the great and only Whistler. Disraeli the inimitable is said to have remarked, without blush or tremor: "When I want to read a good book, I write one." The delightfully caustic Henry Clapp, of journalistic fame, was once asked what a certain pompous and self-satisfied clergyman, temporarily without a pulpit, was at that moment doing. "He is waiting for a vacancy in the Trinity," was the quick rejoinder. Possibly the gentleman might have expressed it differently, but the reply was felt to be apt. Charles Sumner displayed magnificent self-confidence when, speaking of certain political changes that threatened to leave him a statesman without a party, he appealed to the large audience before him and demanded: "What, then, is to become of me?" Another statesman of splendid egotism was rather cruelly punished in a witty rejoinder attributed to General Grant. The victim of the retort was not present, but had been spoken of by another as not believing in the Bible. "Why should he?" asked the laconic man of military deeds; "he did n't write it." It has been held by certain worldly-wise men and women that the crime of wrong-doing is in being detected. One might almost maintain, in contemplating the effrontery of those who have a genius for self-conceit, and for something else as well, that the sin of egotism lies in not being able to "carry it off" successfully.

CRITICAL POWER AND CREATIVE POWER are, for some inscrutable reason, seldom found united in the same person. A painter one day caught an art-critic in the act of pointing out certain defects in one of the artist's canvases. "But you could not paint a picture to save your life," remonstrated the man of palette and brushes; "what right, then, have you to criticise the pictures of others?" The critic bided his time and invited the artist to breakfast, where he served him an egg that had outlasted its pristine freshness. One taste was enough to draw from the guest an expression of unfavorable comment. "But you could not lay an egg to save your life," retorted the host; "what right, then, have you to criticise the eggs of other people's hens?" A recent writer, who happens to be also a college instructor in English, eases his bosom of certain "confessions," declaring that very few teachers in his branch of learning can write — really write. They can, of course, compose a thesis or draw up a report on their work, or even review a book; but that, he affirms, is not writing. The antagonism that has always existed between the man who picks to pieces and the man who puts together, and even between the corresponding tendencies in the same man, will probably continue to the end of time — or until the analytic and the synthetic shall merge into one.

A WELL-PATRONIZED LIBRARY FOR COLORED READERS is an encouraging sign that the things of the higher life do not appeal in vain to our negro fellow-citizens. The public library of Louisville,

Kentucky, has published a small folder that describes its recently-opened branch library for the colored race. There are said to be forty thousand inhabitants of this class in that city, and the library building provided for them, similar in all respects to the usual Carnegie branch library, cost, with its books and other equipment, nearly forty-two thousand dollars. Before October of last year, when the new building was opened, the branch had been maintained for three years in temporary quarters, and had attained a circulation of almost thirty-six thousand volumes a year. This has now considerably increased, so that an average of more than a book a year can be credited (or charged) to each colored person. Whether or not it is a distinction to be proud of, Louisville is said to be the only place in the world to have a branch public library for its colored inhabitants; and it is already planning the establishment of another.

JOURNALISM AS THE SUBJECT OF A UNIVERSITY COURSE promises to draw many earnest students. The School of Journalism connected with the University of Missouri has finished its first year and presents some encouraging results. While it was at first questioned whether more than a score of would-be reporters and editors could be attracted to the course, there were actually enrolled ninety-seven students, including fourteen young women. Seventy-four out of this total number entered for the four years' course, twenty-three being partial-course students from other departments of the university. The showing that these school-trained journalists will make a few years hence, in competition with those who have worked their way in the strain and stress of hard every-day "hustle or get left," will be watched with interest. But both *a priori* and *a posteriori* reasoning would seem to warrant expectation of good results from the operation of this new university department.

THE TEDDY BEAR AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY might seem to represent opposite extremes as sources of intellectual quickening and food for the mind. The Wisconsin "Library Bulletin," however, teaches that any such conception of their relationship is erroneous. Among the mentally improving games that are played, with official sanction, in the children's room of the Eau Claire Public Library are "Toot," the automobile game, which is played with cards, "Magic Hoops," "Gogglebug," "The Trolley Came Off," much enjoyed by girls, and "Teddy Bear," which is thus described: "The 'Teddy Bear' is pinned upon the wall. The players, one at a time, glance at the bear, aim with the finger, close eyes, walk across the room and endeavor to touch the heart of the bear." If this demands too severe intellectual application from the little ones, there remain "Dancing Dunces" and "Pop-in-taw." The public library's sphere of usefulness appears to be unlimited. Having already assumed some of the functions of the kindergarten, it now usurps the

office of the nursery. Why not establish a merry-go-round and side-shows, with perhaps a menagerie and a sawdust ring, and serve some of the ends of the circus—not peripatetic, but stationary, and open every day including Sundays and holidays?

“POISON LABELS” FOR LIBRARY BOOKS that are not altogether trustworthy have been suggested by the inventive and resourceful librarian of the Los Angeles Public Library, and the suggestion has met with approval from many quarters. Abbott’s “Life of Napoleon,” for example, should be conspicuously labelled for the benefit of the unwary. Prescott’s “Conquest of Mexico,” with its fascinating picture of an Aztec Empire, is another book that should display cautionary signals. Froude’s delightful “History of England” might have a few of Freeman’s caustic comments pasted on the cover. Such bits of authoritative and unsparing criticism would thus serve their end much better than if incorporated in an annotated catalogue, which the book-borrower might not chance to see. In the domain of *belles lettres* it is not proposed to use “poison labels,” however poisonous some of the fiction may be that occasionally creeps into even the best-regulated public library. The wholesomeness or injuriousness of works of the imagination is more a matter of opinion than is the accuracy or inaccuracy of a learned book.

SOME CASUAL IMPRESSIONS OF A MODEST HERO were received by the hundreds of participants in two recent college commencements. At Williams, Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell was made a doctor of laws, and the following week saw him receive the master-of-arts degree at Harvard. The heartiness of the applause that greeted his appearance on both occasions left no doubt of the high esteem and admiration in which this man of daring deeds and consecrated life is held by the world at large. It is interesting to note that Dr. Grenfell’s first impulse to devote his life to his present work was received, as he took occasion to relate in his address at the Williams alumni dinner, from some words that fell from the lips of our evangelist Moody in London.

NATIONAL LIBRARY HEADQUARTERS IN CHICAGO will soon be counted as not the least of the quickening influences that are promoting public library growth in the Central West. By vote of the American Library Association’s Executive Council it has finally been decided to carry out the already expressed intention to transfer the headquarters from Boston to Chicago—an intention hitherto thwarted by lack of suitable office accommodations. The trustees of the Chicago Public Library extended the offer of a large and finely arranged suite of rooms in the library building, and the offer was accepted. Eastern librarians regret the transfer, although many of them recognize the increased opportunities for usefulness which the new situation will furnish.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TYPE IN THE WORLD.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

My attention has just been called to several communications, recently printed in your columns, upon the subject of type-design. Without illustration it is perhaps superfluous to attempt to add anything of value to the discussion, which, however, I hope may continue and spread until the type-founders awoken to many of the enormities that, in the name of improvement, they are perpetrating upon the beautiful letters of the early type-cutters.

Mr. Gookin’s admirable letter expresses throughout my opinions on the subject more precisely than I can hope to do, but I wish to emphasize particularly the statement made in its concluding paragraph—that the most beautiful types are also the easiest to read. I speak, of course, only of Roman letters. There are many exceedingly beautiful Gothic types, but to our modern eyes they are all more or less illegible. The world will never go back to reading black-letter, nor will any Gothics more admirable than those left us by the fifteenth century type-cutters ever be devised. Gothic may well be called a dead letter, so far as any future development of its forms is concerned. Like the cathedrals, it has been done once perfectly, and, aside from display lines, no conscious effort to revive its use in printing will ever result in more than a curiosity of book-making.

Of the Renaissance or Roman types, then, let us consider the abstract legibility—that is, of an ideal type set in an ideal manner. It is futile to expect any one form of letter, even in various sizes, to accommodate itself to all sorts of composition. Our modern demands upon type for magazine or newspaper work will seldom permit the use of an ideal letter without detriment to the page as a whole. The most beautifully printed magazine of the present day is probably “The Monthly Review” published in London; but it is a far cry from its broad pages of twelve-point Scotch type to the crowded double-column illustrated pages of most of our periodicals. The demands of each upon the type-designer are quite different, and must be met in quite different ways.

It is obvious, therefore, that the laboratory tests, while doubtless interesting and instructive, will be of little practical use unless all the possible variations of letter-forms are experimented upon—which would appear to be a task of herculean proportions. Incidentally it would be interesting to know what types have been used in determining that certain letters are “offenders.” In other words, when we speak of the alphabet *whose* alphabet do we mean—Ratdolt’s or Estienne’s, Caslon’s or Baskerville’s, Eusebius’s or Bodoni’s, Morris’s or Goodhue’s? It is as profitless to discuss an alphabet, abstractly, as it would be a color. Concrete examples are absolutely necessary—for a starting-point at least.

Personally, I have not the least hesitation in choosing amongst the many admirable examples we have had given us. From both æsthetic and utilitarian standpoints, the Roman letter was, like the Gothic, done once, perfectly and for all time, when Nicolas Jenson cut the type that appears perhaps in its greatest perfection in his “Eusebius” of 1470. I have never seen the “Cicero” of the same year, but many pages of the

"Eusebius" are so lightly inked that the letter-forms may be examined almost as in a smoke-proof. After twelve years' study of it, minute comparison with almost every other Roman letter, ancient and modern, and two or three unsuccessful attempts to reproduce its forms in modern matrices, I believe it to be at once the most beautiful and the most legible type in the world. Modifications of it there may properly be for special purposes, and for modern readers some alteration of set and alignment may be desirable; but in variety and refinement of form and in noble proportion, *improvement* of it is forever impossible.

Compared with many another of the beautiful early types, it is, at first glance, by no means striking in appearance. There is an almost total absence of superfluous or distracting features; but this very quality of reticence is one of its chief claims to stand as the finest model upon which to base our efforts in devising new founts. And these new founts will, to my mind, be successful in so far as they approximate Jenson's, and unsuccessful in proportion to their divergence.

I naturally dissent from Mr. McQuilkin's characterization of the Jenson as "spiky" (unless, indeed, he refers to the so-called 'Jenson' of the type-founders). Rather does it fulfil his desire for "a good full-bodied letter with an honest printing face." I heartily agree with his description of Old-Style as "graceful," and admit cheerfully the "high ascenders and low descenders" but again differ from him on the point of "obscure thinnesses and obtrusive thicknesses." These, I must maintain, are features of Modern Roman types in contradistinction to Old-Style.

In comparison with the early Old-Styles, the first Modern types were lacking in purity of form and deficient in proportion. They nevertheless possessed great distinction and style, and none more than Bodoni's. We have gone on reproducing their more obvious or superficial features, or else combining them with the qualities of Old-Style, until at last most of our body types are hybrids, possessing few marks of good breeding and almost invariably wanting in that saving grace of the earlier Modern letters—*style*.

In conclusion, let me say that inasmuch as both Mr. French and Mr. Gookin have done me the honor of commending the modification of Caslon made for "Geofroy Tory," it may interest them and others to know that, though set by hand, it was cast upon a type-setting machine. With slight modifications, machine-setting also would have been quite practicable. I cannot think it quite so successful an experiment as they say, but it may help to prove that if the machines cannot give us beautiful type, the difficulty lies somewhere else than in the mechanical department.

BRUCE ROGERS.

Cambridge, Mass., July 9, 1909.

#### "THE LAW" IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In his latest eccentricity entitled "Is Shakespeare Dead?" Mark Twain is quick to believe, or to pretend to believe, that the Stratford Shakespeare could not have written the Shakespearean plays because he was not a lawyer. He finds that the author of the plays, whoever he was, was an expert in "that wonderful trade, that complex and intricate trade, that awe-compelling trade"—the law. If he (Mark Twain) were appointed arbiter to decide "whether Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare or not," he "would place before the debaters only

the one question, Was Shakespeare ever a practicing lawyer? and leave everything else out." His conclusion of the whole matter is that "the man who wrote Shakespeare's Works knew all about law and lawyers. Also that the man could not have been the Stratford Shakespeare—and was n't."

Resisting the temptation to point out other weak places in the argument,—if argument it can be called,—I will undertake nothing more than a single comparison, handing it over to the reader without comment.

In a thoughtful essay on "The Making of a Great Poem," with which Mr. Charles W. Hodell concludes his scholarly study of "The Old Yellow Book, Source of Browning's 'The Ring and the Book'" (reviewed in THE DIAL for November 16, 1908), the author-editor says:

"In the legal lore and technical phraseology so abundantly displayed throughout the Poem, and especially in Books VIII. and IX., the Poet evidently depended very largely upon what he found in the Book. This display of out-of-the-way technical lore has perhaps caused some readers to stand in awe of the learned acquirements of Browning in the ecclesiastical law. But the study of the Book makes it evident that he learned about all of his law from the Book."

Concluding this phase of his subject, the critic adds:

"We have here an interesting example of how easily and thoroughly a master artist may gain sufficient technical lore, even in a difficult field, to astonish his critics. And this may perhaps offer a striking truth to those who guess at Shakespeare's occupations by his chance references to technical subjects, no matter how accurate they may be."

JOHNSON BRIGHAM.

Des Moines, Iowa, July 8, 1909.

#### WAS SWINBURNE SAVED FROM DROWNING BY MAUPASSANT?

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Mr. Edmund Gosse, in some personal recollections of Swinburne published in the June number of the "Fortnightly Review" of London, has this to say of the English poet's narrow escape from drowning at Etretat in 1870:

"He was caught by the race of the tide under the Port d'Amont, because of the weakness of his stroke. He was pursued, floating like a Medusa with shining hair outspread, and was caught a long way out to sea, behind the Petite Porte, by a yachtsman who, oddly enough, happened to be Guy de Maupassant. I may record that, in describing this incident to me not long after it happened, Swinburne said, etc. . . . These incidents are, I think, not mentioned by Guy de Maupassant in his very picturesque account of the occurrence."

I happen to have at hand Maupassant's account of the affair, and the two stories do not agree,—for which one of several possible reasons, I shall not attempt to settle. Here is what the Frenchman says:

"... Un matin, vers dix heures, des marins arrivèrent en criant qu'un nageur se noyait sous la Porte d'amont. Ils prirent un bateau et je les accompagnai. Le nageur, ignorant le terrible courant de marée qui passe sous cette arcade, avait été entraîné, puis recueilli par une barque qui pêchait derrière cette porte, appelée communément la Petite Porte.

"J'appris, le soir même, que le baigneur imprudent était un poète anglais, M. Algernon-Charles Swinburne. . . .

"Il [Mr. Powell] apprit que j'avais essayé, trop tard, de porter secours à son ami. . . ."

Maupassant, it will be seen, expressly states that he had nothing to do, directly or indirectly, with the saving of Swinburne's life.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

Weatherford, Oklahoma, July 3, 1909.



### The New Books.

#### MEMOIRS OF A MANY-SIDED MAN.\*

There are, here and there, and in every age, a few variously gifted men who do many things so extremely well that in doing each they seem to have been born and trained for that and nothing else. Such a man was the late Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, whose fragment of Autobiography, ending with his coming of age, and supplemented by an account of his later years from the competent hand of his widow, is now published in a substantial octavo volume, with illustrations, numerous extracts from Shaler's large correspondence, and tributes from the pens of some of his many admirers and friends.

Born in Kentucky, of good Southern and slave-holding stock, educated by himself (the best of teachers), by a private tutor, and finally by the great Agassiz and other instructors at the Lawrence Scientific School, he led a life of so constant and strenuous application to enlarging the bounds of human knowledge that his comparatively early death in 1906, at the age of sixty-five, may reasonably be ascribed to the over-taxing of a frame constitutionally lacking in robustness. Even the briefest outline of Professor Shaler's full and useful life should include some mention of his short term of service as a soldier in the field, fighting for the cause against which most of his earlier friends were enlisted. That he allowed no thirst for military glory to quench his ardor for scientific research is fortunate. He had skill in the use of arms and no lack of the fighting spirit, but higher claims prevailed.

Of the unusual quality of his mind, many illustrations could be given. A striking proof of rare endowments is found in his remarkable union of memory, verbal memory even, with an early bent for original research. He speaks of having learned, in youth, some fifty thousand lines of poetry in various languages, a large part of which remained with him to the end. In those early days of restless and wide-ranging inquiry, he tells us that the abstractions of metaphysics had a peculiar fascination for him, and even the fatal charm of Hegel claimed him as a willing victim. But his maturer judgment upon the value of metaphysics may be gathered from the following:

"The field of metaphysical speculation opened before me as a new universe; of all the vagarious devotions

\*THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF NATHANIEL SOUTHGATE SHALER. With a Supplementary Memoir by his Wife. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

of my childhood and youth, this took the firmest hold upon me. I began to read all I could of philosophers and their writings. The Mercantile Library in Cincinnati [across the river from the Shaler home in Kentucky] had many such books which I devoured. I recall the pleasure with which I bought a set of G. H. Lewes's 'History of Philosophy,' a rather poor book as I now see it, but then a treasure in my eyes. I had two German manuals, the titles of which I have forgotten. The curious thing about this prolonged excursion is that I really got something out of it. I appear even to have gained an adequate idea of Kant's 'Critique,' though I doubt if I could compass it to-day without much labor. With all this intense interest in the speculations of men and the history of the evolutions of their systems, I had no real belief in the essential verity of them. They charmed me as an exercise of wits much as did chess, to which at this time and at various later periods I became addicted."

The confessed weakness in Shaler's educational equipment lay in the field of mathematics, and he deplored to the end his ignorance of the calculus, which would have aided him in some of his researches. The wonder is that so active and so quickly assimilating an intelligence should not have laid hold of this branch of learning, as it did of so many others.

The account of Agassiz's original way of examining and instructing his pupil from Kentucky is of exceeding interest. The great naturalist affected to hold in contempt the lad's previous acquisitions in zoölogy, botany, and geology, and subjected him to a rather rough and trying novitiate; then, with a suddenness of transition that puzzled the pupil, he became most friendly and communicative, and the two entered into a sort of comradeship that proved extremely pleasant and profitable to at least the younger man, and probably to both.

Professor Shaler's various expeditions in search of knowledge, on sea and land, to glaciers and mountains and volcanoes, would fill volumes with interesting narrative and noteworthy incident. In his early manhood he climbed Vesuvius while it was in eruption, and is said to have been the first person to look into the crater of an active volcano. Such account as he gives of his exploring journey to Anticosti and Labrador shows him to have been heedless of danger when the thirst for information in matters of science was upon him. But the inflicting of suffering on dumb animals, even in the cause of science, was unbearable to him. He once felt constrained to kill a wounded seal in order to end its agony, but the creature's face haunted him for the rest of his days, and he never again took an animal's life. "Some of my friends," he writes, "esteem this fanciful softness; it does not seem to me so, for if it were fit I would slay a man and not be troubled about it further than by the regret that



the conditions required the action. It is the sudden and brutal assault of the hunter on the unoffending creature which breeds this pain." A few more sentences from the Anticosti chapter will be of interest.

"As all those who have made hard campaigns know, discomfort, such as we became accustomed to, much lessens the love of life. In fact, that fancy for continuous existence is in some measure the product of ease and comfort, while what we call bravery is largely but merely a hard-minded state which suffering induces even where men are not clearly conscious that they are in torment. . . . Probably the largest profit I found in the voyage about the shores of the St. Lawrence came to me from the discomfort and the danger there encountered. Our conditions were in both these regards rather worse than those of the common fisherman; for in addition to the labor and trials of those who go down to the sea for fish, we had to cleave to lee shores and to fight our way through the surf to study the land. It was very hard work in fairly hard danger. . . . All this was well for us, for the best you can do for a boy is to expose him to hardships which bring him nigh to death."

Coming from the pen of one whose own education was gained by determined and independent effort in a chosen direction, and to whom *la mollesse* was the most unpardonable of human weaknesses, the following remarks are worth pondering:

"Here let me turn aside for a word concerning the grim aspect of our so-called education, which makes it well-nigh impossible for our youth of the higher classes to have any intimate contacts with men who may teach him what is the real nature of his kind. He sees those only who are so formalized by training and the uses of society that they show him a work of art in human shape. He thus has to deal with his fellows in terms which are not those of real human nature, and thereby much of his own is never awakened. He may live through long fair-appearing years, yet fail to have the experiences necessary to humanize him fully. I have known many an ignorant sailor or backwoodsman who, because he had been brought into sympathetic contact with the primitive qualities of his kind, was humanely a better educated man than those who pride themselves on their culture. The gravest problem of civilization is in my opinion how we are to teach human quality in a system which tends ever more and more to hide it."

Shaler's debt of heredity to his mother was acknowledged by him to be great, and her moulding influence in his formative years was all-important. So manly a man's confession of obligation to the charm and stimulus and refining power of female companionship is not to be lightly dismissed. He says:

"I would I could have set down a fit acknowledgment of my debt through all my days to the women whose influence has entered into my life and shaped for the best whatever has developed in me. I feel that I cannot do this part of my task even to myself, so it will have to remain undone. It is, however, fit to say that it has been my good fortune from the age of fifteen years on, to be always in large measure controlled by women

of high character. For this I am devoutly thankful; for it kept me from the pit whereto I have seen so many go. While a man should be a man's man in quality, taking his measure from his relations with his own sex, in my opinion he cannot attain his full stature without the influence of women. Of himself alone the male human is a mere fragment of his kind; he attains to his humanity through the shaping influence of its better half."

In her book, "The Masters of Fate," published three years ago, Mrs. Shaler took occasion to present a picture of her husband battling almost daily with a fatal malady and holding death at bay month after month before the end finally came. His fortitude under the torment and the terror of *angina pectoris*, which would seize upon him in the classroom or on the lecture platform and compel a pause until the vital forces regained the upper hand, was something far finer than heroism in battle, because generally unknown and unrecognized. The wife's continuation, therefore, of her husband's unfinished life-story could not fail to be an admiring tribute to his many virtues, while at the same time it is, by help of numerous excerpts from letters and data from other sources, a satisfying completion of the book. A ten-page list of her husband's published writings, and twenty double-column pages of index, conclude the volume. The present review has touched upon but a small part of Professor Shaler's earlier life, and has dwelt chiefly upon one phase of his virile personality. The book itself, and the man's own voluminous writings, in prose and verse, must be studied for anything like a full acquaintance with his many-sided character and varied talents.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

#### "MAKING ROME HOWL" IN HISTORY.\*

On general principles, we do not expect a literary sensation from the appearance of a new work on a subject so remote as the history of Rome. The people interested are comparatively few, and not of the type in which sensations are most readily induced. Since Signor Ferrero's volumes began to appear in the original Italian, however, he has been called upon for lectures in various parts of the world, publishers have scented a profitable market for him in translation, and his name has become familiar in the

\*THE GREATNESS AND DECLINE OF ROME. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated by Alfred E. Zimmern and the Rev. H. J. Chaytor. In five volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

CHARACTERS AND EVENTS IN ROMAN HISTORY, from Caesar to Nero. By Guglielmo Ferrero. The Lowell Lectures of 1908. Translated by Frances Lance Ferrero. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

headlines of the daily newspaper. There is always some sort of ability behind a fame of this kind, but thoughtful readers hardly need be told that immediate newspaper reputation is no guarantee of thorough scholarship and reliable reasoning powers on the part of an author. The ordinary reader, however, will not lift an attractive literary cloak to hunt for possible flaws in the substance and logic underneath. That Signor Ferrero has selected and arranged and put forth his material in an attractive way, for the average intelligent reader, few would be found to deny aside from those whose sense of propriety will rebel against his frequent airing of conscious pride in having "made a hit."

Aside from an attractive literary dress, our author has reaped the harvest of still another common source of immediate interest. The word has gone out in countless bold headlines that this brilliant young Italian has suddenly brought tumbling to the ground the whole edifice of the Roman history, as built up and fortified by the lifelong labors of scholars of the past, such as Mommsen and Duruy, whom he specifically names as having almost ceased to be read by cultivated people in America as in Europe. Human nature has always had a lurking delight in seeing things knocked down, provided they belong to someone else, and Ferrero undoubtedly owes not a few readers to this impression. And so the fact that Cæsar and Antony, Lucullus and Pompey, Augustus and the social legislation of 18 B. C., considered from Ferrero's points of view, "have become subjects of fashionable conversation in Parisian drawing-rooms" is not to be hastily taken as proof that the toils of his predecessors have been in vain, or that the final word on the development and significance of Rome has now been said.

Ferrero's training has not been such as to give him the command of the materials of Roman history possessed by a scholar like Mommsen. To be free from Mommsen's particular prejudice in favor of Cæsar and against Cicero is well so far as it goes, but to have possessed a greater share of Mommsen's enormous store of first-hand knowledge of the sources of his subject would have given his history a far better chance for a place among the indispensable tools of the student of the future, even though it might have cost it no small part of its popularity of the moment in the fashionable conversation of Parisian drawing-rooms. A collaborator of Lombroso, the author's attention in the past has been devoted rather to certain phases of philosophy and sociology than to the facts of ancient

history. These studies have apparently fixed certain conclusions in his mind so firmly that evidence not in harmony with those conclusions stands but a poor chance of due consideration. To feel perfectly sure in your own mind as to what *must* have been true in any given case contributes immensely to self-satisfaction and saves an enormous amount of labor that might otherwise have been spent in sifting evidence. But it is beyond human power to tread safely over the pitfalls that lie along that road, and the historian who wishes his work to have lasting influence in the field of scholarship must reach his goal by another route.

With Ferrero's insistence upon the importance to history of the multitude of little things going to make up the everyday life of the average man, no one is likely to disagree. Even in monarchies apparently of the most absolute type, the influence of the countless thrusts and pushes coming up from below is a powerful factor in the movements at the top, and it is too true that this field of investigation has as yet received no adequate attention. We may take it for granted that all branches of ancient history will experience more or less dislocation and readjustment of previous views, as the evidence of this class still available is gradually collected, evaluated, and brought to bear. But it is a field for prodigious labor, in which perspiration will count more than brilliant theorizing. In one of his lectures our author takes up the subject of wine in Roman history, a theme on which any man well versed in Roman literature might readily present a very interesting, instructive, and suggestive essay. We are distinctly told, however, in the preface to the volume containing this lecture, that it is an essay after the plan in accordance with which it seems to the author that economic phenomena should be treated. And yet we have merely twenty-five pages of interesting reading matter, putting us in command of the ascertainable facts of no single feature of the subject. Horace is of course drawn upon as a witness in the "investigation," but one whole side of the testimony which his odes present is left absolutely unmentioned. Whether this was through oversight, or intentional, the result is a thoroughly distorted Horace.

Varying readers will naturally get varying impressions from the facts and characters of ancient history, as described in the available sources of information. One is tempted to conclude that Signor Ferrero has developed a habit of getting just that impression which is most remote from his own idea of the facts, and then

imagining that everyone else has received the very same impression, and taken it as the exact truth. His treatment of the story of Antony and Cleopatra is a case in point, and a good illustration from the fact that the newspapers gave it so much sensational attention when the lecture in which it is embodied was delivered before American audiences. Now a reader may readily follow him in this matter just as far as the most liberal interpretation of any evidence actually adduced will allow, and yet not be driven to any radical revision of his estimate of the entire episode at all. Still, Ferrero imagines that he has effected a tremendous reconstruction, and tells us with a deep and evident sense of self-satisfaction that the newspapers of Europe, from one end to the other, heralded his conclusions as "an astounding revelation." Considering the fact that the modern newspaper needs in its business enough "astounding revelations" each morning to fit the pattern evolved beforehand for the front page by the headline artist, the careful reader has learned not to be astounded too easily. To prove that Antony's career in the East was not exclusively a matter of romantic infatuation, that motives of a more selfish origin were mingled with it, is, as a contribution to the knowledge of any student of Roman history, about on a par with proving to the man who has seen the garbage barges dumped that there are organic impurities in the waters of New York harbor. And yet the romantic infatuation was there, and left to the world a story out of which it will get entertainment long after the labors of many a patient historian of Rome have been forgotten. It will take more than a Ferrero, too, to bring Julius Caesar down to the level of an ordinary temporizing Roman politician, seeking only to do the thing that would best lend itself to his immediate purposes at Rome, and unconscious that his acts were big with significance for the future. The recession from Mommsen's exaggerated Caesarism had gone far toward a normal level before Ferrero came upon the stage; but there was an extraordinary brain there, and an eye that could see beyond the immediate horizon, nevertheless. We all know that either the hero or the villain forms a tempting subject to the literary artist for over-coloring; but heroes and villains do exist, and we cannot go through the pages of history beating them down to the general level on the abstract principle that "the average of mankind, under average conditions, are neither particularly good nor particularly bad."

The fifth volume of "The Greatness and

Decline" is specifically entitled "The Republic of Augustus." The backbone of the volume is its vigorous assault upon the idea that Augustus either established a monarchy or had any desire to do so. On the contrary, we are asked to believe that he was simply the elective President of a republic, coming up again and again for reelection by an electorate entirely at liberty to set him aside for a better man if it could find one, having a co-president with equal powers at his side a part of the time, and devoting his energies persistently to an attempt to impart renewed vigor to the old forms rather than to supplant them, whether openly or by indirection. And the author flatters his American readers with the statement that they are able to understand Roman history much more readily than Europeans, because they are living under a republic of the same kind! We shall only remark that he has produced no sufficient evidence to prove that the government of Italy under Augustus was not radically less democratic than it had been during the days of Cicero's career, to say nothing of such a constitution as that of the United States, even with an Aldrich in charge of the Senate. The terms republic and empire as actually used are of course vague at best, but to use the United States as an illustration of what one means by calling the Italy of Augustus a republic can lead only to hopeless confusion, if it be not too patently absurd to lead at all. The man who is to overthrow the scholarship of the past, in this or any other field, must be more accurate than that. We may concede to Signor Ferrero a literary ability which makes Roman history interesting. We should be glad if it were possible to concede such scholarship and care as would make him a safe guide to the readers whose interest his literary ability may arouse.

W. H. JOHNSON.

#### THOMAS HOOD AND HIS PERIOD.\*

An account of the life of Thomas Hood, and of his share in that interesting period between the great Georgians and the great Victorians, has long been needed. The "Memorials," prepared by his son and daughter, have not sufficed, because their incomplete, though loving, record gives no clear and coherent idea of the poet's life. Furthermore, the materials which would enable the student to supplement the

\*THOMAS HOOD: HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By Walter Jerrold. New York: The John Lane Co.



considerable information therein contained have been inaccessible. To the task, and the opportunity, Mr. Walter Jerrold has come with unusual qualifications. He is the grandson of the witty Douglas Jerrold, admirer and friend of Hood; he is an experienced biographer; he has already edited the humorist's poetical works. We expect much of a biographer so qualified, of a biography so opportune; and, on the whole, we are not disappointed.

Mr. Jerrold's book is destined, however, to become a book of reference. It is certainly not intended to be merely a "popular biography." Both preface and the ensuing chapters testify to painstaking endeavors for accuracy and completeness. Accuracy seems usually to have been attained. Completeness, in the fullest measure, has not; and, in the Life of a poet whose position in his age was so interesting and important, a high degree of completeness we have a right to demand. For example, a bibliography is lacking and is sadly needed. Hood deposited in any periodical bank open to him, and the record in the works collected by his children is not full and not always reliable. Mr. Jerrold's failure to make up for this deficiency is unfortunate. His other faults of omission are venial, and are mentionable only because of his apparent adoption of "thorough" as the motto for his labors.

The present edition of Mr. Jerrold's book is a reprint. When the volume was published in England, a reviewer in "The Athenæum" for April 11, 1908, was able to adduce letters of Charles Lamb which threw new light upon an important episode in the admirable friendship between these two men of letters. To the strictures of this review, which students of Hood should consult, may be added another criticism, equally slight it is true, yet of the same character. The collected edition of Hood's work contains some clever dramatic criticism written, so it is asserted, for "The Atlas"—that "Sunday news-waggon" which was founded in May of 1826. When was Hood dramatic critic for "The Atlas"? The question is assuredly not a vital one, yet it is conceivable that the historian of the nineteenth century stage may wish to have it answered. Since "The Atlas" was not in the British Museum Library, Mr. Jerrold lets the question drop with a guess at 1828 as the date. Yet, as it happens, a comparison of the extracts reprinted with the dramatic notes of "The Literary Gazette" solves the problem, and proves that Hood was attached to "The Atlas" from its inception in 1826 to some time late in the sum-

mer of the same year, certainly until after the week of August 5, when an opera which he reviewed was produced. A letter of October 10, 1826, from which the contemptuous phrase "news-waggon" has just been quoted, suggests that he had parted company with the editor by that date, while the reviews in "The Atlas" for 1827, which is in the Yale Library, are expressly asserted to be by a new reviewer's hand. And, to conclude these minor complaints, why are we not referred to that most effective of all tributes paid to Hood after his death, Thackeray's Roundabout paper "On a Joke I heard from the Late Thomas Hood"?

These omissions, save in the case of the bibliography, are trivial, and not to be taken as an indication of untrustworthiness, or as an implication that Mr. Jerrold's work has not been well done. Indeed, in some respects it has been overdone. It is his thoroughness in certain fields which has made inconsiderable oversights conspicuous. He has flung himself upon the doubtful years of Hood's early life, where the work of the son and daughter was most unsatisfactory. He has treated these years exhaustively. In fact, there is some danger that the hasty reader may be misled, for he will find as many pages devoted to the youthful Hood in Scotland as to the poet of 1840-45—the friend of Dickens and Thackeray, and author of "The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Song of the Shirt." To be sure, we were ignorant of many interesting circumstances in the humorist's early career, until the publication of Mr. Jerrold's book. Yet, not equally but doubly interesting is that last of Hood's life for which the first was made.

One feels, to choose an instance of this lack of proportion, that a very important episode in Hood's later career, his financial failure in 1834, might have been given more attention. Mr. Jerrold has made it clearer than ever before that Hood was too unfortunate in his relations with publishers to be altogether blameless. This failure in 1834 was a turning-point in his life. It drove him abroad, and entailed "comics" and ill-health until he died. If we could get at the facts of the crisis we might know Hood better. Again, one feels the need of a wider discussion of Hood's intimate and very important connection with the humanitarian movement of his time, a relationship which began at least as early as 1832, for it was then that he answered "Pauper" with,

"If you love your Dolls and Nancys,  
Don't we make you marry?"

The fault is a fault of proportion, and it is a



lack of proportion which is the most serious artistic criticism to be made against this volume. Mr. Jerrold has been governed in some measure by what the "Memorials" lacked, rather than what the life of Thomas Hood demanded. The result is a book which, for all its excellences, leaves a little to be desired.

I have reserved these excellences until last, because they are more apparent than the defects. Indeed, they are not only apparent, they are most extensive. This life of Hood will properly go to its place upon many library shelves as the standard reference book for an author whose fame, though small, is constant. It is trustworthy, and it contains much not elsewhere to be found. Furthermore, it should be welcomed by readers who are interested in the first half of the nineteenth century, for the brilliant circle of the old "London Magazine" is given the essay which it long deserved; and if the forties are stinted the twenties have little to complain of at Mr. Jerrold's hand. Nor can lovers of Hood afford to be ignorant of the new letters here contained, letters which brighten our picture of a personality almost Elizabethan in its quaintness and most potent in its charm. The faults of Mr. Jerrold's book are probably reflected from the infinitely more serious errors of the "Memorials" upon which his labors were based. It is to be regretted that he has not entirely escaped their influence. But, while regretting, we are gratefully appreciative of his very considerable services to the cause of Thomas Hood.

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

#### HISTORY AND ROMANCE OF THE GREAT LAKES.\*

It is a rather curious thing that after remaining comparatively neglected in current literature for so many years, the Great Lakes of North America should become the subject of two such admirable volumes as those of Mr. Curwood and Professor Channing. The story was well worth telling, and it has been well told in both of these books, which, while they cover the same field, are sufficiently dissimilar in plan for each to have an interest and value of its own. The "Story of the Great Lakes" is a popular history of the whole lake region from the days of Champlain to the present time, the narrative being divided into three parts, or periods, called

\*THE GREAT LAKES. By James Oliver Curwood. New York: G. P. Putnam Sons.

THE STORY OF THE GREAT LAKES. By Edward Channing and Marion F. Lansing. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Discovery and Exploration, the Struggle for Possession, and Occupation and Development. The writers do not pretend to have brought to light any strikingly new material. Their work is based upon the recognized authorities,—notably, in Part I., on Parkman and Winsor, and on the original narratives of Champlain, Hennepin, and Lahontan, of La Salle's voyages, of the Jesuit Relations; and in Part II., on Parkman again, on Henry's Travels, the Gladwin Manuscripts, and various narratives of the War of 1812. Part III., covering the period of Occupation and Development, is drawn from a multitude of sources; the authors have made very effective use of the widely scattered and sometimes inaccessible material of the period, weaving it into a connected and readable story of the settlement and exploitation of the region of the Great Lakes. It is perhaps a little to be regretted that they did not see fit to round out the story by telling us something of the exploration and development of the Canadian side of the lakes. The reader indeed gets the impression from both these books that after the close of the period of French rule the story of the Great Lakes was almost entirely a story of American development. One would have liked to hear something more, for instance, of the history of the Northwest Company, whose fur-trading operations had so intimate a bearing on the story of the Great Lakes; of their vessels that plied on Lakes Huron and Superior; and of the canal that the Company built at the Sault. One is struck, too, by the absence from the otherwise excellent List of Books, at the end of the "Story of the Great Lakes," of any Canadian work, with the single exception of Professor Colby's "Canadian Types of the Old Régime." Not a single Canadian work is cited, for instance, on such a controversial topic as the War of 1812. However, these are but trifling omissions in what is in other respects a fair-minded, well-balanced, and decidedly readable history of the Great Lakes.

Mr. Curwood's book is conceived upon a somewhat original plan. It is divided into two unequal parts, the first and larger of which is devoted to the Great Lakes as they are to-day, and particularly to their vast shipping industry and how it was developed. In the second part, a brief account is given of the origin and history of the lakes, from prehistoric times to the War of 1812 or thereabouts. This supplementary portion compares rather unfavorably with Professor Channing's book, which is more accurate and better balanced. It might have been wiser

if Mr. Curwood had confined himself to the modern story of the lakes; for here he leaves little to be desired. As an industrial history of the Great Lakes, his book stands by itself. Most of us had a general idea of the character of the shipping industry of these great inland seas, but Mr. Curwood's book is a revelation as to its magnitude and significance. He manages to crowd into his pages a wealth of detail which gives practical value to the narrative without detracting from its interest to the general reader; and the attractiveness of the book is further enhanced by numerous full-page illustrations.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

#### RECENT FICTION.\*

Having made a brief visit to America, Mrs. Humphry Ward seems to have felt that it devolved upon her to write a novel with an American setting. But we cannot consider "*Marriage à la Mode*" to be one of her successful efforts. It is hardly more than a sketch in dimensions, and bears many evidences of flagging powers and hasty composition. We look to it in vain for those qualities of delicate characterization and subtle analysis that we have come to expect from her, nor do we find the finished texture of her better and earlier work. There are curious infelicities of phrasing, as in the case of the woman whose mourning for her lost charms is described by saying that "she had never yet reconciled herself to physical losses which were but the outward and visible sign of losses 'far more deeply interfused.'" There are reckless statements, such as that which attributes the fortunes of the heroine's father to his having "ravaged and destroyed great tracts of primeval forest in the northern regions of his adopted state," which state happens to have been Illinois! As for the heroine herself, who is chosen to represent the feminist type that is the author's

\**MARRIAGE À LA MODE.* By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

*THE BLACK FLIER.* By Edith Macvane. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

*THE WILD GEESSE.* By Stanley J. Weyman. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

*A ROYAL WARD.* By Percy Brebner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

*THE KINGDOM OF EARTH.* L. Anthony Partridge. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

*FAME'S PATHWAY.* A Romance of a Genius. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. New York: Duffield & Co.

*THE WHITE MICE.* By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*THE PLANTER.* By Herman Whitaker. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*THE MAN WITHOUT A SHADOW.* By Oliver Cabot. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

*THE CHRYSALIS.* By Harold Morton Kramer. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

*THE MAKING OF BOBBY BURNIT.* By George Randolph Chester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

special abhorrence, she is of mixed Spanish and Irish blood, and is in no wise characteristically American, except in a superficial way. Mrs. Ward's main purpose is to set forth the evils of American divorce, but her horrible example is one that Americans cannot take seriously. Even the Englishman who serves as the hero (for the whole complication is brought about by an international marriage) is so poor a creature that it seems fairly natural that he should go to the dogs when his wife forsakes him, and we find it difficult to take much sympathetic interest in a man so devoid of stamina. The contrast between what the author might have made of her theme and what she has made of it occasions melancholy reflections. We can only hope that this ill-digested production does not mark the permanent decline of her powers.

When Dick Sugden, a young American in London, falls in love with Daphne Medlycott, his slender fortunes preclude the carrying of his romance to its logical conclusion. But when he returns to England, ten years later, the owner of fabulous mines and other desirable properties, the case is different, and he is contentedly accepted by Daphne and Daphne's family. At this point Miss Macvane's story of "*The Black Flier*" begins. The hour of the wedding is at hand, and the guests are assembled, when it is discovered that the license has confused the names of the contracting parties, and must be corrected. Dick, arrayed in his wedding garments, hastily cuts across country on his way to the nearest town, confronts a hedge, recklessly jumps over it, and lands sprawling in the road, sprained and helpless. A solitary lady driving a motor-car comes along at a furious speed, stops long enough to help Dick into the tonneau, and speeds away with him to the north. Heedless of his request to be set down in the town for which he had been making, she puts on speed, and does not stop until they reach a secluded hostelry at Muckledean, over the Scottish border. Here circumstances conspire to make them appear man and wife, and all novel-readers know what that means—in the sight of the ancient law of Scotland. Thus is created a complication so extraordinary that when Dick at last gets back to his betrothed, he has to invent as plausible an account as possible of his disappearance, for the simple reason that telling the exact truth would fix upon him the character of a modern Munchausen. Nobody would believe so wild a yarn as that, and he must substitute a story that sounds halfway credible. But when the matter is smoothed over, and a second date set for the wedding, his troubles have only begun, for he gets legal advice to the effect that the unknown companion of his wild northward ride is undoubtedly his lawful wife. He is also pursued by a detective on the charge of having stolen the motor-car. Presently the companion of his escapade turns up, and is no other than the wife of the dissipated baronet who happens to be the head of the family into which Dick is about to marry. This frees him from the fear of becoming a bigamist, but by no means restores Dick's peace of

mind; for the wife, who had been fleeing from her husband, has been captured by him, and the baronet vows bloody vengeance upon her companion, as soon as his identity shall be discovered. Daphne meanwhile wearies of excitement, uncertainty, and suspicion, and, instead of marrying Dick, is wedded to the faithful curate. Since she is a woman of the "icily regular, splendidly null" type of beauty and character, we are rather relieved—and so, to his own naïve surprise, is Dick, whose thoughts have all the time been most unbecomingly haunted by the personality of the woman who had led him into his great adventure. Nothing is now left but for the baronet to die; and with that happy despatch we reach the end of one of the most fascinatingly ingenious comedies that we have encountered in the fiction of recent years.

Mr. Stanley Weyman declares that he will write no more novels—which is rather a pity, for his invention show few signs of flagging, and "The Wild Geese" is one of the best stories he has ever given us. The scene is Ireland in the early eighteenth century; the heroine is the high-spirited chatelaine of a decaying house, and the hero is a middle-aged soldier of fortune, her kinsman whom she has not seen for a score of years, and who appears in the character of her legally constituted guardian. A Protestant and a supporter of the House of Hanover, the visitor is anything but welcome, for the countryside is seething with rebellion, and a rising is imminent. Suspicion turns to hatred and violence when the newcomer is found taking active steps to thwart the conspirators, and the savage clansmen more than once nearly compass his destruction. He is by no means a hero of the swashbuckling variety, but a grave and seasoned warrior, cautious but determined, a composite of Roundhead and Quaker, and he maintains so imperturbable a front in the face of danger that his hot-blooded foes hesitate long before venturing to attack him. Most violent of all in her hatred is his fair cousin and ward, whose emotions are deeply stirred by what she takes to be the cause of faith and patriotism. We know well enough that she will succumb in the end, and she makes a most engaging fury before she is tamed. There is real power in this book, the power of vital characterization and vivid description, the power to make us realize a picturesque historical situation. The author really must change his mind about further writing; he is too serious a novelist to be spared.

Mr. Percy Brebner's "A Royal Ward" is a straightforward story of a rather old-fashioned sort, without psychological subtleties or perplexing mysteries, which keeps a surprisingly firm hold upon the reader's interest. It is a story of England during the Regency, and its hero is a Frenchman who lands in secret upon the Devon coast, is reputed to be a Bonapartist spy and is pursued as such, but in reality comes upon a private mission. He makes the acquaintance of the heroine at an early stage of the history, for he takes refuge in her home, and is concealed by her from his would-be captors. Having thus saved

him, her interest in his personality is naturally enlisted, and the way is thus paved for a pretty romance. Presently the scene shifts to London, where Lady Betty becomes the idol of the fashionable world, while Victor Dubuisson finds himself, innocently enough, entangled in a plot to assassinate the Prince Regent. From the perils that beset them both (for Lady Betty is in danger of being forced into a distasteful marriage) the lovers finally make a wild flight to the coast and escape to France, where their troubles end.

The multiplication of toy monarchies, and their imaginary projection into out-of-the-way nooks in the map of Europe, goes merrily on. We have had at least a score of them during the past twenty years, and their combined area, were they really existent, would leave little room for the great powers. The latest of them, invented by Mr. Anthony Partridge, is named *Varia*, and its political drama is presented in an ingenious work of fiction entitled "The Kingdom of Earth." The king is an old reprobate, supporting a dissolute life by the exorbitant taxation of his people, and the crown prince is reputed to be even worse than the ruler. But thereby hangs a tale. For this same prince, sedulously fostering for his own secret ends the legend which holds him to be a notorious evil-liver, is in reality a pattern of austere virtue, and a republican at heart. Posing to the world (through the agency of a double) as a sensualist and a debauchee, he is all the time plotting with a revolutionary band to overthrow the monarchy, intending himself to renounce his claim to the succession. The young woman in the case is half English, half Varian, and, although she is not let into his secret until near the exciting close of the story, believes in him despite all scandalous report. Adventures follow thick and fast as the plot develops, and the hero shows himself a very marvel of resource and intrepidity, playing his dangerous game to the end, and coming out comparatively unscathed. When the curtain falls upon the drama, he has become plain John Peters, and there is a Mrs. John Peters to make up to him for the loss of a kingdom.

Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor has devoted many years to the study of Molière, and has given us the best biography of the dramatist to be had in the English language. "Fame's Pathway," which takes the form of a historical novel, is a sort of by-product of the author's more serious labors, and supplements them in a happily fanciful way. The limitations of the novelist who takes for his hero a figure from actual history are many, and it is difficult to reconcile the claims of truth with those of literary art; while of all varieties of the biographical novel, that which is concerned with the man of letters is the most forbidding. Considering the obstacles he has had to contend with, Mr. Chatfield-Taylor has achieved a more than creditable measure of success in picturing the life and fortunes of the young Molière, and reproducing the atmosphere of the period in which he struggled. Few writers of historical fiction have the equipment which the present writer brings to his



task, or can give their work reality by so great a store of verifiable detail. Faithfulness rather than imaginative daring characterizes the book viewed in this aspect. In its other aspect—that in which the early stirrings of genius are sought to be realized—the book is cautious, and a little too much sentimentalized. Its hero is an engaging youth, his surroundings are picturesque, and the story of his love for Madeleine Béjart is pleasantly told. If his name were not Molière, we should hardly suspect that he was destined—that he was well on the way—to become one of the wisest souls and one of the profoundest searchers of the human heart that have ever observed the tragi-comedy of life. But it is not fair to exact the impossible of any writer, and one can hardly be blamed for failing to find new words fit to be uttered by a Molière. Mr. Chatfield-Taylor makes no such pretension; he takes for granted that even a great genius is not always upon stilts, particularly in his formative period, and that in daily intercourse with his associates he may appear very much in the guise of the ordinary mortal. We are even inclined to think that he was ill-advised in adding “The Romance of a Genius” as a sub-title to his novel; the fact that Molière *was* a genius is sure to be in the background of the reader’s consciousness, but the author could not have been expected to do more than see to it that his characterization was not inconsistent with that fact.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis again finds his account in a South American revolution, and his story called “The White Mice” seems likely to endear him still further to his juvenile audience. To any following more critical he can hardly expect to appeal, for the book is too absurdly lacking in all the qualities that belong to serious fiction. It is just a breezy tale of a Venezuelan ruction, having for its hero an ingenuous youth, the son of an American “king of finance,” and for its heroine the daughter of a deposed and imprisoned Venezuelan President. The problem is to get the prisoner out of his dungeon, and claim the daughter as a reward. It is all delightfully simple, and the mechanism of counterplot is not enough overworked to give us any anxiety concerning the outcome. The tale is breezy, “smart,” topical, and enlivened by slangy humor. It may be read at a gallop, and put aside without a pang.

The rubber plantation in Mexico has been used for many years to defraud the gullible portion of the American public; it is now put for the first time perhaps to an honest use by Mr. Herman Whitaker, who has made it the theme of an exceptionally interesting novel. Not only does “The Planter” expose the unconscionable methods of the promoter of this species of enterprise, but it also throws a light upon the conditions of labor in semi-tropical America, revealing a degree of brutality in the treatment of the hapless native bondmen that recalls the most sensational descriptions of Southern plantation life in our own dark ages of slavery. An honest New England youth is sent down to Mexico as manager of one of these “fake” plantations, and discovers a

condition of affairs considerably different from that pictured in the prospectus of the company. He sets about the task of bringing order into the neglected enterprise with unexpected energy and ability, and at the same time imparts an element of humanity into the treatment of the native laborers. But this is not the way in which he is expected to “make good” by the company at home, and when they learn of his pernicious activities they plan to oust him, and vest control of the plantation in the most brutal of the local slave-drivers. A hurried journey home thwarts this conspiracy, exposes the swindling operations of the company, and results in the manager’s return to Mexico with enlarged powers. This is the skeleton of the plot; the romance is provided by a beautiful Mexican girl whom the hero loves and wins after overcoming the usual variety of obstacles. As a vivid presentation of scenes and characters comparatively unexploited, this novel makes a strong appeal to the jaded sense, and may be recommended as a picturesque and intelligent piece of work.

Mr. Oliver Cabot is the author of “The Man without a Shadow”—a title not to be taken in the Peter Schlemihl sense, but symbolically, as meaning one who has lost all memory of his past. The story is told in the first person, and we make the hero’s acquaintance in a private asylum for the insane at the moment when he first comes to consciousness after a period of torpor. His memory is a blank, but his faculties are otherwise restored, and he soon discovers the nature of the establishment in which he is living, and shrewdly surmises that he is detained from sinister motives. His awakened intelligence enables him to plan an escape, which is successfully accomplished. But his plight is still serious, for, although free, he is penniless, knows not whither to turn for aid, and has not the slightest clue to his own identity. Such a situation clearly calls for much ingenuity on the part of the writer, who contrives to keep us interested in his hero through a long series of happenings, which finally land him in a French chateau, with wife and fortune restored, and a patched-up memory. This story may be regarded as a faint reflection of “Somehow Good,” and, although it offers not a tithe of the art or the psychology of Mr. De Morgan’s novel, may yet be recognized as an entertaining production.

“The Chrysalis,” by Mr. Harold Morton Kramer, is a story that begins upon the football field at New Haven, and ends in the far Northwest. Political and financial intrigue form the substance of the narrative, and, together with a certain admixture of physical violence, gives it virility. On the sentimental side, it provides two heroines, the second and prevailing one being “sprung” upon us midway, in the person of a young woman who believes herself to be of Siwash blood. When it turns out that she is as white as the hero, his scruples vanish, and he takes her to his heart. The book is embellished with much Chinook jargon, for which a glossary has to be furnished. It is called “The Chrysalis” because it describes the awakening of moral character



in the hero, whose earlier life has been based strictly upon self-seeking and vindictive motives.

In "The Making of Bobby Burnit," Mr. George Randolph Chester tells us how an ingenious youth, thrown upon his own resources as far as initiative is concerned, exchanges the world of clubdom and sport for the world of business, is enabled by the failure of various enterprises to sharpen his eye-teeth, and eventually makes for himself a successful career. Bobby is the son of a millionaire who dies, and expresses in his will the conviction that his son is a fool. The estate is left in a secret trust, except for the large merchant establishment which the senior Burnit has built up, and this is left outright to the boy, who is to carry it on. He is soon tricked into forming a stock company with a rival establishment, and finds himself frozen out by his designing new associate. All this has been accurately foreseen by the father, who has left a series of sealed envelopes addressed to his son, which are delivered one by one in the crises that call for them. An early number in the series is inscribed "To My Son, upon the Occasion of His Completing a Consolidation with Silas Trimmer," and reads: "When a man devils you for years to enter a business deal with him, you may rest assured that man has more to gain by it than you have. Aside from his wormwood business jealousy of me, Silas Trimmer has wanted this Grand Street entrance to his store for more than a third of a century; now he has it. He'll have your store next." Bobby is a sadder and a wiser youth when he reads this letter, for its prediction has already been fulfilled. The terms of the trust release for his use successive instalments of his inheritance, and each time a new venture is undertaken, quickly ending in disaster. And with each disaster, one of the envelopes is produced, making sardonic comment upon the latest lesson of experience. Bobby gradually learns that business people are not "sportsmanlike" in their dealings, which is a great grief to him, but the knowledge in time fits him to meet them on their own ground. He successively finances a land improvement scheme, an electric lighting corporation, a stranded Italian opera company, and a moribund newspaper. With the last-named enterprise the tide turns, he becomes a forceful influence in civic affairs, boldly attacks the boss and the gang, and after a hard struggle, has the whole panic-stricken pack on the run. Success has come to him at last, and then, in the manner of the most approved fairy tale, the disastrous earlier ventures develop new signs of promise, and he finds himself a winner all along the line. He opens the last of his father's envelopes, and reads: "I knew you'd do it, dear boy. Whatever mystery I find in the great hereafter I shall be satisfied — for I knew you'd do it." There is a slender thread of love-story running through this entertaining yarn, but it adds practically nothing to the interest, which is wholly centred upon Bobby's successive eye-openings and their salutary contribution to his development.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*The conservation and development of our interior water-courses.* Whether Mr. Mathews's "Remaking of the Mississippi" (Houghton) owes its inception to recently stimulated public interest in the conservation of our inland waterways, we are not informed; but in any event the book is one which ought to appeal to a wide constituency. The task which the author has undertaken is to describe the efforts that have been made during the past hundred years to subdue for the better use of mankind the vast network of rivers comprising the Mississippi system. The idea underlying the work is that the great Middle West is approaching a day when congestion of traffic will compel a widespread return to the use of waterways, and that therefore the further improvement of these invaluable natural facilities is a matter of supreme importance to all sections of the country. Dividing the Mississippi system into six parts — the main river below St. Louis, the Ohio, the Chicago-Illinois route to the Lakes, the Upper Mississippi, the Missouri, and the minor tributaries — Mr. Mathews discusses with considerable fulness the physiographic character of each water-course, the steps that have thus far been taken to facilitate navigation, and the problems involved in the future of the Middle Western waterways in general. He writes as a journalist rather than as an engineer, and the result is an exceedingly readable treatise on a subject about which the majority of our people know altogether too little. The national government, the author says, has expended on the Mississippi and its branches between two hundred and two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, of which much has been consumed in experimentation and much has been wasted, but a great deal remains in permanently improved channels and in public works ample for their task for a century. Just what has been done with all this money (and the additional sums expended by the States and by private enterprise), and how the work has been done, is adequately presented; and not the least valuable aspect of Mr. Mathews's chapters is the incidental light they throw upon the rather dubious river-and-harbor policy of the United States during the past half-century. On the whole, the reader is given to understand that very great progress has been made, though less than might easily have been realized with a larger measure of foresight and a smaller admixture of petty politics. With respect to what is to-day the most talked-about phase of the subject in the Central West, i. e., the Lakes-to-the-Gulf project — the author predicts that in the new era of waterway development, which he believes to be dawning, this enterprise will be one of the first to be carried into execution. It may, however, be noted in this connection that a special board of engineers created by act of Congress has recently reported that the scheme would cost \$128,000,000, that the mere maintenance of the waterway would entail an expenditure of \$6,000,000 a year, and that the project is therefore too costly to be justified by the present needs of commerce.

*Epistolary and literary remains of a noted editor.*

The art of forcible and adequate expression in short compass belonged to the late Wendell Phillips Garrison, for forty-one years editorially connected with "The Nation," and during the last twenty-five of those years its editor. He died Feb. 27, 1907, only eight months after relinquishing the post he had so long and ably held. Most of his literary work being anonymous, and therefore difficult to identify in the columns of his paper, the volume of "Letters and Memorials" edited by his classmate, Mr. J. H. McDaniels, and published by the Houghton Mifflin Co., is welcome to his numerous former co-workers and admirers, and deserves to be read and studied by many besides. A fine example of the careful scholarship that is now fast becoming obsolete with us, Mr. Garrison set his stamp on his weekly journal so deeply and ineffaceably that it will be long ere his dead hand ceases to influence its course and to uphold its ideals. The memorial volume contains an introduction by Mr. McDaniels, an unsigned outline of Mr. Garrison's life, a hundred pages or more of his letters, chiefly to contributors, a chapter on the fortieth anniversary of "The Nation," a brief selection from Mr. Garrison's poems, and nearly a hundred pages of prose miscellanies from his pen. A clear and pleasing portrait of the editor, from a photograph taken in 1894, forms the frontispiece. The most intimately personal parts of the book, and hence the most interesting, are the letters. These are written in an off-hand, unstudied way, which reveals much of the character of the man and of his mental attitude toward his own offices and convictions, as well as toward those of other people. Mr. Garrison was of course a born reformer, and his patience with opposition could hardly be called angelic. A significant expression occurs in one of his letters written to his friend Mr. William Roscoe Thayer: "I am firm in the faith that President Harper of Chicago must be put down." Putting people down was a favorite occupation with both Mr. Garrison and Mr. Godkin, and it probably lessened their influence and their power for good. The process is one that may be gratifying to the performer and amusing to the spectator, but is scarcely likely to persuade or convince those who are in disagreement. The really great leaders, like Lincoln, do not accomplish results in that way. The few poems of Mr. Garrison's that are given show strength and sincerity, with admirable perfection of form. Altogether the volume forms a worthy memorial of a distinguished and useful career.

*An illuminating biography of Sainte-Beuve.*

Volume Four of the "French Men of Letters Series" (Lippincott) is Professor George McLean Harper's study of Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve. It has the distinction of being the first book written in English on the life and work of the most eminent French literary critic, and the merit of being an unusually careful and scholarly bit of work. The biography differs from its French forbears in roundly denying that Sainte-Beuve had a definite theory or

method of criticism; which difference in attitude has little significance, perhaps, except to remind the reader that this biographer is an American and the others were Frenchmen. Professor Harper has a very comfortable habit of skilful digression to aid the reader's treacherous memory. Mention of the "Port-Royal," for instance, leads to a swift but thorough review of that movement; mention of Sainte-Beuve's relations with Lamennais suggests a somewhat extended biography of that half-forgotten reformer. There is no idealization of a very imperfect subject; the critic's cowardly treatment of the Hugos, his low standard of private morality, his numerous shifts of doctrine and party, are discussed with unsparing frankness; but with all restrictions, the biographer remains an enthusiastic admirer of his subject. With regard to Sainte-Beuve's frequent changes of front, in fact, Professor Harper finds it the most natural thing in the world that a critic's interest in the object of his study should temporarily spell approval. Hard and fast comparisons are dangerous but attractive; and we remember and ponder such assertions as "Sainte-Beuve is the most serviceable literary critic France has known." "For scope and appreciation combined with minute knowledge of detail, neither the modern nor the ancient world affords an instance of a comparable talent in the field of criticism." "His was eminently the fullest mind, though perhaps not the most fertile and by no means the most original, in the nineteenth century."

*Up-to-date rules of the game of war.*

Dr. Percy Bordwell's "Law of War between Belligerents" (Callaghan & Co., Chicago) falls naturally into two parts — the first historical, the second in the nature of a commentary. Beginning with a rapid sketch of the rules regulating warfare in ancient and mediæval times, the author traces in considerable detail the growth of the law and practice of belligerency from the days of Grotius through the Russo-Japanese conflict of 1904-5. There is not much here that is new, but for a general survey—one that should lend itself with peculiar readiness to consultation by the layman — this portion of the monograph will be found of service. More important, because dealing with fresher material, is the commentary upon the successive articles of the Convention promulgated at the Second Peace Conference two years ago. Drawing at every stage upon a wealth of historical and legal reference, and following closely the text of the Hague Convention, Dr. Bordwell is able to present a series of illuminating comments upon this most recent attempt to formulate the principles and methods of modern warfare. The usefulness of the book would have been materially enhanced by the subjoining of a chapter comprising an orderly summary of the changes introduced in current practice by the specifications of the Hague Convention. The entire monograph, in truth, partakes rather too much of the character of a note-book. Likely to be of real service to students of international affairs are certain documents appended to the text, notably the regula-

tions and instructions of the Japanese Government on the treatment of Russian subjects during the Russo-Japanese war. The bibliographical list is adequate. The author announces his purpose eventually to complete his studies in this field by a volume on the laws of war as affecting neutrals, and another on amicable means of adjusting international disputes.

*Contributions to International Law and Peace.*

Published for the International School of Peace, and recounting in detail the history of the most substantial efforts made within a generation to curb the ravages of warfare, Professor Hull's volume on "The Two Hague Conferences and their Contributions to International Law" (Ginn & Co.) has at once taken high rank in the rapidly accumulating literature of the twentieth-century peace movement. The author was one of several Americans present at The Hague in a journalistic capacity during the Second Peace Conference. His account of the Conference of 1899 is based principally upon the official record as published by the Minister of Foreign Affairs of the Netherlands. For the Conference of 1907, the primary source is likewise the official record, the use of which in its unpublished state was extended to Dr. Hull by the same dignity. The arrangement of the book is such that the reader may readily follow the history and transactions of either conference alone, or he may just as readily carry the two together and compare them point by point. The work is essentially historical, and the author has evaded frequent temptation to enter upon the field of partisan argument or theoretical contention. The participation of the delegates from the United States in the transactions of the two conferences has been given special prominence. After a detailed narrative of the discussions of the rules of warfare upon land and sea, there follows a fifty-page chapter upon the victories achieved in behalf of international arbitration and another of equal length comprising a summary of the results of the conferences and their historical importance. To the layman, at least, these are likely to prove the most valuable portions of the book.

*Some thoughts on Thinking.*

Whether or not one can add a cubit to one's mental stature by taking thought, it is quite certain in this pedagogic age that much thought will continue to be expended upon methods of imparting and improving the process of thinking. Dr. I. E. Miller has a pertinent and inviting title for his volume "The Psychology of Thinking" (Macmillan); and his treatment, though germane and adequate to his purpose, yet in no marked degree rises above the conventional and uninspiring presentation of a topic of vital interest. The book is, however, a text, and persistently holds to the impression of the student with the data and the procedure of the useful thought processes. It tells him what functional value thinking has in the organic scheme; what its connections are with the nervous substrata; what its

dependence upon the sensory stream of experience and upon the motor channels of expression; it follows the elaboration of the simpler experiences into the more involved perceptive and imaginative and conceptual fields; and it relates the process to the logical standards of the product in sound reasoning. It sets the whole presentation in an educational frame, and leaves a picture instructive for those on instruction bent, but hardly attractive to those whose reactions demand a more intrinsically artistic mode of appeal. For sound thought and the psychology thereof, like virtue, must be made attractive; and the field is open to the psychological craftsman who can make of the analysis of the thinking processes an impressive literary and yet realistic canvas.

*How to use orchestral instruments.*

Despite the ever-increasing number of books on musical topics written for the amateur, the popular demand shows no sign of diminution. In the nature of the case, these books are for the most part merely re-statements in simplified and abbreviated form of what has already been said in more abstruse and elaborated way by those writing technically on the subject. They show little or no originality of thought; their manner of treatment is all-important. Yet they fill the important rôle of intermediary between the more scientific writers and the public at large, interpreting and elucidating in untechnical language matters difficult of comprehension to the layman. In this class of books is Mr. Daniel Gregory Mason's "The Orchestral Instruments and What They Do" (Baker-Taylor Co.). The book is a popular condensation of the contents of various scientific treatises on orchestration, of which those by Berlioz and Gavaert are the most important. The descriptions of the various instruments of the orchestra are reinforced by photographs of them as played, as well as by brief illustrations from well-known scores showing how the various composers have employed the several voices of the orchestra; and the attentive reader may gain a fair idea of the particular problem which the composer of orchestral music has before him. The author has been fairly successful in accomplishing what he set out to do, and the entire field of instrumentation is covered in the hundred odd pages of the book.

*Gleanings from the old fields of Latin literature.*

It is hard to say anything new on the subject of Latin literature, especially in a book of a somewhat general nature; about all that can reasonably be expected is an interesting re-statement of the facts and opinions that are already pretty well admitted. Mr. H. E. Butler has furnished an excellent introduction to post-Augustan poetry in a work lately issued from the Oxford University Press, which will be of service not only to the Latin specialist but also to the student and critic of any literature. The decline in quality with a corresponding increase in quantity of literary production after a period of great work is well illustrated in the work of the epic poets after Vergil, such as Lucan, Valerius, Flaccus, Statius,



and Silius Italicus. The tendency to satire after an outburst of high poetic creativeness is shown in the work of Persius, Martial, and Juvenal, just as it was in our own eighteenth century. Finally, the bombast of the worn-out drama, which marks the late post-Shakespeareans, is witnessed also in the case of Seneca. The place which these authors hold in their own period, as well as their absolute merit, is admirably brought out by Mr. Butler by means of copious illustrations in both the original Latin and in excellent translations. No attempt is made to glorify these poets unduly; their faults are indicated clearly enough, but a generous endeavor is made to save them from an undeserved neglect.

*Up-to-date  
evidences  
of ghosts.*

Under the startling caption, "Are the Dead Alive?" (B. W. Dodge)

Mr. Fremont Rider attempts to startle the public once more into an intent excitement over the alleged discoveries of mediums and their exploiters concerning the evidence obtainable by their peculiar methods, to uphold a belief in bodily survival. To this is attached the opinion, sometimes with reservations and more often without, of a few men whom the world honors for what they have done and cherishes for the qualities which they do not exhibit in this aspect of their activities. Then there is accumulated the voluminous evidence of the professional psychic researcher; and, finally, the overwhelming realism of bad photographs. If anyone is inclined to be influenced by this type of presentation, an ounce is as good as a ton. To the other type of mind, the ton is equally unconvincing. Yet if one wants to know what the character of the ore is that some look upon as gold and others as dross, this book furnishes a convenient sample of the mine. But it must be remarked that mining investments heralded in these terms have usually been greeted with a certain mistrust by the unconfiding public.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

Dr. William Bradley Otis's "American Verse, 1625-1807," published by Messrs. Moffat, Yard & Co., deals with a rather neglected region of our literature in perhaps as interesting a fashion as the sterility of the soil permits. Historical, religious, political and satirical, imaginative and translated verse are the five types described in as many chapters, and an excellent bibliography gives added value to the work.

Professor James A. James and Albert H. Sanford, already the joint authors of two excellent text-books of civil government, have now prepared an "American History" for the use of secondary schools, and the work is published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. It follows the usual plan of such books, with somewhat less than the share of attention generally given to the periods of exploration and colonization, the space thus saved making possible a fuller treatment of the national phase of our history. The illustrations, and the various helps provided for teachers and students, combine with the text to make this book one of the most satisfactory now available.

"The Mental Man," by Mr. Gustav Gottlieb Wenzloff, is a text-book of psychology in outline, published by the Charles E. Merrill Co. It is not the sort of laboratory manual that sometimes masquerades as a treatise upon the psychic life, although it recognizes adequately the results of laboratory investigation. It is lucid in exposition, but does not forget, in the author's words, that "psychology is not for babes," a precept that some educators would do well to take to heart.

"The Fate of Icdorum," by Dr. David Starr Jordan (Holt), is a pungent satire upon the humbug of protection to national industries by means of the tariff. The book is expanded from a sketch called "The Octroi at Issoire," written a quarter of a century ago, and points its moral most effectively. But the shaft of no satire, we fear, can pierce the pachydermatous hides of our national legislators, whose swinish behavior during the last three months has been, if possible, more disgusting than in any previous raid upon the trough.

The Rev. Richard Henry Edwards, of Madison, Wisconsin, is engaged in the publication of a series of pamphlets on the social problems which occupy the American People. These embrace the Liquor problem, the Negro problem, Immigration, the Labor problem, Poverty, Excessive and Concentrated Wealth, Divorce problems, the problem of Clean Municipal Government, the Boy problem, Increase in Crime, the Administration of Criminal Justice, and the Treatment of the Criminal. The first four of these pamphlets, varying from 30 to 48 pages, have already appeared. In addition to a statement of the ruling purpose of the series, each pamphlet contains a brief rendering of the most important facts associated with the topic under consideration, and successfully enforces the subject on the attention of the reader. This is followed by a full bibliography, which puts the problem in the hands of the diligent student. Judging from the work before us, Mr. Edwards is well fitted for the task he has set himself. The pamphlets may be had at a nominal price by addressing Mr. Edwards, at Madison, Wis.

#### NOTES.

"Tales of the Caliphs," edited by Mr. Claud Field, and published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co., is a volume mostly made up of sketches by the Arab historian Masoudi. It is published in the "Romance of the East" series.

Professor William B. Cairns has edited for the Macmillan Co. a volume of "Selections from Early American Writers, 1607-1800," which provides a large amount of interesting material for students of our literature in its uncouth beginnings.

"Selected Poems of Matthew Arnold," edited by Messrs. Hereford B. George and A. M. Leigh, and Pope's "Rape of the Lock," edited by Mr. George Holden, are two neat volumes of English texts for school use, published by Mr. Henry Frowde.

"The History of Cumulative Voting and Minority Representation in Illinois, 1870-1898," by Mr. Blaine F. Moore, is a recent issue of the Bulletin of the University of Illinois. It is, in essence, a justification of the system which Illinois has now tested by the experience of nearly forty years, occupying during all that period ground in advance of the other states. It is a timely work, for just now politicians are aiming at the

overthrow of this principle in Illinois, and it is gratifying to be shown how well it has worked, how few have been the cases in which its purpose has been defeated.

"Education," by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and "Education for Efficiency," by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, are given us by the Houghton Mifflin Co. as the opening numbers of their series of booklets styled "Riverside Educational Monographs," edited by Professor Henry Suzzallo.

"The Poésies Diverses of Antoine Furetière," reprinted (in part) from the edition of 1664, and edited by Miss Isabelle Bronk, restores to modern readers a neglected poet who was at outs with the Academy, and consequently robbed of the consideration which was his due. The J. H. Furst Co., Baltimore, publish this volume.

"Crowell's Modern Language Series" is now inaugurated by the publication of four little books: "First Lessons in French," by MM. P. Banderet and P. Reinhard; "Easy German Stories," by Frau Hedwig Levi, edited by Mrs. Luise Delp; "Deutsche Gedichte zum Auswendiglernen," edited by Dr. W. F. Chalmers; and "Das Rothkäppchen," a five-act playlet by Miss M. Reichenbach.

We are glad to note that Mr. Lawrence J. Burpee, a not infrequent contributor to THE DIAL, and author of "The Search for the Western Sea" (reviewed in our preceding issue), has received the honor of election to a Fellowship in the Royal Geographical Society. Mr. Burpee is Librarian of the Ottawa Public Library in Canada, where he edits several western journals for the Royal Society, as well as the important Canadian Archives.

"An Introduction to Poetry," by Professor Raymond M. Alden, is published by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. It is more of a treatise than the author's earlier "English Verse," and includes a discussion of the imaginative and spiritual aspects of poetry. The book seems to us a sound and useful discussion of a subject of which the teaching in our schools and colleges now leaves much to be desired.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. have just published the following modern language text-books: "Beginning German" (second edition), by Professor H. C. Bierwirth; "Syntax of the French Verb," by Mr. Edward C. Armstrong; "Das Habichtsfräulein," by Rudolf Baumbach, edited by Dr. Morton C. Stewart; Hugo's "Ruy Blas," edited by Dr. Kenneth McKenzie; and three tragedies of Racine—"Athalie," "Andromaque," and "Britannicus"—all edited by Professor F. M. Warren.

Two new volumes in the "Wisdom of the East" series (Dutton) give us "The Splendour of God," being extracts from the sacred writings of the Bahais, edited by Mr. Eric Hammond; and "A Lute of Jade," being a volume of selections from the classical poets of China, edited by Mr. L. Cranmer-Byng. The same publishers send us three small books of "The World's Story Tellers": "Stories by Chateaubriand," "Stories by Honoré de Balzac," and "Stories by the Essayists," all three edited by Mr. Arthur Ransome. "Le Dernier Abencerrage" and "Atala" are the Chateaubriand examples; Balzac is represented by five choice specimens; the essayists are all English, and are eight in number (counting Steele and Addison as one), from Overbury to De Quincey. If their writings here given are not strictly stories, they are at least the best of literature.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following List, containing 55 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

##### BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

**Letters, Lectures and Addresses of Charles Edward Garman: A Memorial Volume.** By Eliza Miner Garman. With portrait in photogravure, 8vo, pp. 616. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3. net.

**Napoleon: A Short Biography.** By R. M. Johnston, M.A., Cantab. Fourth printing. Illus., pp. 238, with index and appendix. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25 net.

**Francis Asbury.** By George P. Mains; with Introduction by Bishop Daniel A. Goodsell. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 128. New York: Jennings & Graham. 25 cts. net.

##### HISTORY.

**Contemporary France.** By Gabriel Hanotaux; trans. by E. Sparvel-Bayly. Vol. IV., 1877-1882. Illus. in photogravure, 8vo, pp. 658. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.75 net.

**An Historical Introduction to the Marprelate Tracts: A Chapter in the Evolution of Religious and Civil Liberty in England.** By William Pierce. With frontispiece, 8vo, pp. 350. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. net.

**The French Revolution: A Short History.** By R. M. Johnston, M.A., Cantab. With frontispiece, pp. 277, with index. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25 net.

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